
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1812.

MISS BELLCHAMBERS.

IT cannot be expected that a lady so young in life as the heroine of this memoir, who happily, from the respectability of her connexions, has been precluded from sharing in the various vicissitudes of a histrionic career; should possess much incident in her, as yet, short progress through her profession, to make an elaborate narrative; our fair patronesses must therefore be content with what little we have been able to glean relative to this young lady, without obliging us to rove in the region of fiction, which might indeed entertain them, but could not gratify their curiosity.

Miss Bellchambers, whose father is the respectable host of the Cambridge Coffee-House, in Newman-Street, was born in June, 1794, and has therefore consequently attained her eighteenth year. Having, in her infancy, evinced an inclination for music and the drama, she was, at an early age, placed under the tuition of Mr. Dominico Corri, a professor of the first eminence; her proficiency was soon such as to procure her an engagement on a liberal scale at the Haymarket Theatre; where she

made her *debut*, last season, as Gillian, in Mr. Dibdin's *petit* opera of the Quaker. Uniting a *powerful* voice with strong feeling, she bids fair to become a distinguished performer in that species of character to which youth and beauty form a powerful recommendation. In private life she is reported to possess all that tends to adorn the female character, and the very correct manner in which she conducts herself as a vocal performer at Fitzroy Chapel, reflects credit on her understanding; and, in not merely considering herself as an ornamental part of the church service, but in remaining after her temporal duties are performed, to attend on her own spiritual welfare, she gives to religion and morals, by her beauty and deportment, a more attractive exterior. C.

Errata in the Life of Mrs. Pilkington.

We are authorized to inform the public, that a mistake has occurred in the biographical sketch of Mrs. Pilkington, who, we find, is a descendant of the Bishop of Londonderry, whose memory has been immortalized by his theological works. We have likewise omitted three works of that lady, namely, a History of England, published in America; Violet Vale, in Ireland; and the Calendar, by Mr. Harris.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

As a peasant of Picardy was carrying his wife to be buried, wrapt only in a sheet, the thorns of a hedge scratched her body, and awakened her: some years after, she really died, and, on her friends coming to the former place,—“Neighbours,” said the husband, “not too near the hedge; not too near the hedge, good neighbours!”

THE VICTIMS OF AMBITION.

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SCARCELY had the vesper bell conveyed to the distant ear the hour of evening orisons at the monastery of De Clugny, when the inhabitants of the Castle de Burgh took their usual station in the turret of the watch-tower that overlooked the wide-spreading ocean, each anxious to be the first to perceive the distant sail that was destined to bear from the Norman coast the gallant Offa, the now lord of his deceased father's domains. Near a window which formed a projection of the battlements, sat the Lady Margaret, his mother, and as her fancied hopes seemed bursting into realization, she somewhat abated the sternness of her look and deportment; she bent a placid glance on the surrounding group; she shook her hour-glass, which, with her beads and crucifix, were placed near her; and while she appeared to her confessor wrapt in holy prayer, or contemplation, while she appeared a listener to the knell of evening song, she was planning further mischief; the daemon of ambition was still haunting her; and, as she looked over the disturbed expanse, and painted in imagination her son as the partner of Prince Robert's throne, by his marriage to the earl's daughter,

" ————— She rais'd her stately head,
And her heart throb'd high with pride."

Father Becket remained in deep meditation, in intense thought; his breviary lay open on his knee, but his eyes were closed, yet he slept not; mortal ken would have imagined he had sunk in religious torpor; but mortals'

eyes would have viewed him through a false medium—tiaras, crosiers, and cardinals' hats, were swimming before his cheated vision; power and wealth flitted across his imagination.

The maidens of the castle were silently watching the looks of their mistress; a mournful silence reigned throughout and undisturbed, save by the checked sobs of the lovely Jane Matravers, and she, a prey to despair, sat, like the stiffened marble just drawn to life by the sculptor, quiescent in grief. Now the sun, sinking deeper and deeper in the horizon, left in its path gold and crimson clouds; these indicated the existence of his blaze; but these tints were followed by immense sheets of black; the blue lightening opened from them, and darted across the veil of eve; a dense heat pressed upon the lungs; the thunder's peal rattled through the air; the sea became in wild commotion; and the affrighted damsels, though scarcely daring to move, clung close to each other, until the haughty dame, their mistress, rallied them with looks mingled with pity and contempt for their idle fears; she moved again, but to mark another hour in the glass of time; she then drew nearer the window, as if to dare the lightening's flash, and sat unmoved during an awful war of the element; and, except that composure marked her visage, might have reigned a dæmoness of the storm.

Offa de Burgh had loved the gentle Jane Matravers; they had pledged their faith in the sight of the Almighty; but his mother, soon as she discovered the darling passion, determined that the lovely Jane should never grace the castle of De Burgh, as the wife of her son; for this purpose she had sent him from his love;—assisted by her confessor, she had so framed letters that they informed him that his Jane was false; and, instead of the epistles of her he loved, which were intercepted, he had only received those couched in scorn, without suspecting forgery, till at length, a victim to despair and ambition, he complied with the wishes of his mother, and married the

daughter of Duke Robert. Jane Matravers had never received one letter from her Offa; but she had heard parts of those dispatched to his mother, for the Lady Margaret never failed to read aloud, as if unconscious of their effects, such passages as might inform her *protégée* of the hopeless state of her passion; that her lover was indeed false, and married to another.

It is true the blood of the fair mourner had long fled her cheeks; it is true that, a victim to despair, she wandered unconsciously over the castle, a loaded frame of misery; but that high pride, which was all that her father, the great Buccleugh, left her, kept her from complaining; nature would sometimes gain a victory over her fortitude; the big tear would then roll down her cheek; the heavy eye, weighed down by a burning pain, would sometimes betray the agony of her mind; indignant would she dash a tear away; but her checked sobs were only attributed to a bodily malady, and while she affected to smile through her tears, the arrow of neglect corroded in her heart, and bowed her to the grave.

The affected kindness and matured cruelty of Lady Margaret was too finished to be detected by the novice in life, and Jane returned it with all the affection of a daughter; yet, though she scarcely knew why, a painful sensation of horror affected her whenever the smiles of Offa's mother would in vain assure her of friendship, and though she could not be ignorant of the joy a mother must feel on having a son raised to the dignity of regal authority; she did her the justice to suppose that she had remained an unprejudiced judge of her cause of sorrow.

But, as the day approached when the return of Offa was to give joy to the castle of De Burgh, Lady Margaret, scarcely heeding her usual show of affection, had required of Jane Matravers to retire; but this the fair mourner steadily refused,—“Do not fear, madam,” would the sufferer say, “that the daughter of a Buccleugh will

discover any weakness of conduct on the arrival of your son and his espoused; not a sigh or a look of reproach shall escape me; I have made up my mind to the event, and Jane Matravers, except to Lady Margaret, will keep her own secret." It was this resolve that perplexed the mind of the baroness; and finding no mild persuasion could move her, on the morning of this day, she, for the first time, insisted on her leaving the castle of De Burgh immediately; and Jane Matravers, perceiving she had lost her only friend, attempted not to stop the current of her grief; she could now, she thought, enjoy all its luxury unperceived; she cast her eyes on the tremulous and convulsed ocean; her thoughts recalled the words of him who had sworn to live for her only, and the recollection of a once happy day, now fled, alas! for ever, had plunged her in all the bitterness of violent grief; but she had promised that, as soon as a sail was perceived, she would consent to be conveyed to a retreat for females on the solitary banks of the Ettrick.

More terribly raged the whirlwind and the tempest—the whitened spray climbed higher and higher, and washed the walls of the castle; but the monk still remained in deep meditation; when, after a little, a dead calm revisited the waters; Jane pored her aching vision over the extended view, mixing sea and sky in the same outline;—she was fevered;—the moon rose a bloody red, and she essayed to cool her form on the spreading terrace, and to attempt to analyze her suffering; her whitened garment floated in the current; her long golden locks swept the breeze, and she appeared resting on a broken shaft, like a warning spectre to the fear-stricken mariner. The moon rose higher in sullen majesty, the cormorant dipped across the surge, and met the screaming curlew in its mazy round; and as her streaming eyes strained to "farthest ken, she perceived something dancing on the distant wave.—Yes, it is a sail; fearful of her resolution failing, she hesitated not a moment to retire; she hastened

to Lady Margaret's bower, and, in an assumed tone, addressed her in a firm voice—"Madame, your son is arriving, I have seen his vessel at a distance; the daughter of Buccleugh has already staid here too long; she now comes to bid you farewell—and for ever; now she accepts your promised convoy; and she leaves you, never to return!

* * * * *

The boat which conveyed the lovely Jane coasted near the shore awhile in sight; and at the consummation of her every wish, Lady Margaret's soul expanded with joy; and, as she descried the vessel that bore Duke Robert's heir, a visible satisfaction played on her visage; but the storm, which had for a time been hushed but to renew its force, burst forth with renovated strength; all night it raged—the vessels were wrecked;—and, on the close of the next day, the Lady Margaret welcomed her son, and in his arms the fair Jane Matravers; she beheld them lay on the beach, whitened by the surf.

The distracted mother beat her frantic head—her heart burst—and she died, leaving curses on the head of father Becket, a victim of disappointed ambition, and a prey to despair.

JOHN.

ANECDOTE OF A MAHRATTA PRINCE.

A QUEEN in the vicinity of Bombay, who could bring about five thousand cavalry into the field, exhibited an instance of courage almost without example among the men of the Asiatic continent.—The prince of the Mahrattas having killed her son in battle, she challenged him to single combat; but the invitation was declined by the Mahratta sovereign with this reply—that the match between him and the queen would be very unequal, for, if she had the good fortune to vanquish him, she would acquire immortal renown; but, if he were victorious, he should gain no honor by conquering a woman.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XV.

" Poor naked wretches, whosoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?"

" ————— Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

Vide KING LEAR.

MR. GOSSIPER,

It has been some where observed, that the ostentation of this country is equal to its charity. That Englishmen are proud, I am ready to confess, and good reason they have to be so; for they excel every other country in private liberality and public contribution, and are superior to them in commerce and in arms. I trust I shall not be deemed illiberal, if I advert to an institution lately introduced, for the purpose of relieving foreigners in distress; the man in want is the brother of us all; privately I would willingly assist him; but may not a public institution for such a purpose be an inducement to a greater influx than even at present resorts to our shores; too much, perhaps, crowded already with aliens of every description? at any rate I wish to turn the attention of some public-spirited individual to a case of positive domestic misery; to a case which every one must see—which every one must acknowledge to be of that sort to which instantaneous relief

must be applied, or not at all. An old bachelor, and fond of the old school, late sitting clubs, I have the sad opportunity of often witnessing scenes of the most melancholy nature: whilst I return from the tavern, wrapt up in my great-coat, and well warmed within, to bid at least a temporary defiance to the severity of an English winter's night, I see numbers, particularly of the softer sex, with scarcely a covering, nay, some with children, (these surely may be exempt from censure,) perishing with cold, even more than hunger—my sixpence is of little use, perhaps the remedy is worse than the disease; it will purchase liquor, but not fire. And permit me here to observe that the practice of dram-drinking among the lower classes, particularly females, may be attributed to this dreadful inconvenience of want of shelter. Contemplating these scenes, as I think I ought, not with a heart of adamant, but with the gratitude of a Christian to my benevolent creator for having hitherto placed me out of the reach of such misery—I say hitherto, because who shall with confidence predict what may be his future destiny? it has often occurred to me that an infinite amelioration of the distresses of our fellow creatures, whose “houseless heads abide the pelting of the pityless storm,” might be effected by creating a sort of public receptacle at two or three extremities of this great metropolis: I would recommend a large brick rotunda with a centre, in which a man might reside, for the purpose of keeping up a large furnace fire; the heat might be communicated by flues, and the place strewed with straw; I would not add any further accommodation, nor give opportunity to the wanton dilapidator, or the wily thief, to avail themselves of plunder, yet still much convenience, much accommodation, might be obtained: think of this, ye who sleep on down; think of a wretched mother blessing you for comfort conveyed by your means to a perishing innocent.

I am well aware that my scheme is subject to many inconveniencies; I am well aware that the larger number of

outcasts are the victims of bad habits and vicious inclinations; but, alas! the numbers suffering from inevitable misfortune are too numerous to be disregarded, and even the former become objects of compassion, when reduced to such a state of wretchedness. Perhaps the cheering warmth of fire, with an uninterrupted sleep, may even reclaim the wanderer; and recover to society him, who by the intoxication of momentary despair, was impelled to some act of depredation, to which his nature, in her milder moments, might have revolted. Let us reflect on this: let us all remember that when it pleased God to doom a populous city to destruction, he promised to avert the dread decree "if ten righteous could be found therein." Let us, sir, then not be over scrupulous; let us do good for pity's sake, and I am sure that if this hint should chance to meet the eye of some leading—some benevolent mind, blest with affluence, these fugitive observations will not be unheeded, but properly regulated and digested for the public good; for, inasmuch as the most obscure individual forms a part of that public, so does the most remote assistance contribute its proportion to the general welfare.

ABRAHAM STOCK.

. *Essays intended for this department of our work must be addressed to the Gossiper.*

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY.

AN excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath,—“My son, learn early how to say—No!”

The Crimson Pelisse and the Grey Pelisse.

A PARODY.*

FOR THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

"LEAVE this card at Lady Flowerbank's, and the pearls at Hamlet's," said a young lady, in a Crimson Velvet Pelisse, to her servant; while her friend, in a Grey Silk Pelisse, was playing with a *devil* she held in her hand. "I am tired of this thing, Maria," said the player, "for I am so stupid I cannot use it as you can." "It is because it is fashionable," said the other, "that you abuse it; you are a perfect *solitaire*, I wonder you ever see a second person!" "It is because my inclinations prompt me; but pray what do you mean to do to-day? It is near four o'clock!" "Any thing, my love; it is a shocking time of the year; what distressed old woman have you to see, or what broken tradesman, with a large family; aye, Mrs. Coelibs?" "Have I not a stout heart," said the lady in Grey, "to be able to stand all your reviling; but come, I have a young gentleman to visit to-day." "A smart one, perhaps!" "He was so once—and in the army!" "I'll go," repeated the lady in Crimson.

The hack they went in was a dirty one; the lady in Crimson threw herself along the seat, the lady in Grey changed her cushion upward, and sat on the other side. What a strange goddess is chance! chance brought these two opposites together; the lady in Grey was laughed at privately by the lady in Crimson; she guessed as much, but heeded it not; she pitied her from her heart, while the other fancied all the world must adore her. It is clear one of these good folks were mistaken.—Why will not

* See Museum, volume XII. page 134.

people consider before they act? The lady in Crimson never did, the consequences turned out as usual, and she did, as she had often done before, heartily repent her present situation; she had already pulled an unoffending tassel to shreds with her fingers; and, had she been a child of nature, would perhaps have vented her spleen in rather bitter terms, but she was a woman of fashion; it therefore only cost her few bites of the tongue and a little fever. The lady in Grey was occupied in thinking of the scene she was about to witness.

Their place of destination was in a gloomy street, and many a strait and narrow stair to go up; but as the lady in Crimson was not quite a fool—she had been told that it was a distressed object that they were about to see, and she recollected that distressed objects seldom live in grandeur; novelty gave a charm, and she heeded not the blow she received from the projection of a garret. The lady in Grey, whom she followed, ascended with a vulgar rapidity, which plainly showed she was used to rapid ascents. As the lady in Crimson was prevented, by her modesty, from looking a man in the face in bed, she therefore sat on the worn-out tester, and rivetted her eyes on the window, from which she saw—not smiling fields and laughing meadows, no brilliant equipages, but such a collection of chimney pots and roofs that might make it a favourable rendezvous for a *diable boîteux* of Le Sage; she sat then with her back to the invalid, and watched the drops of rain as they coursed each other down the casement, and when they joined or ran to the bottom of the pane, her eyes imperceptibly wandered upward in search of another aqueous bubble.

“I shall soon die,” said the invalid, “for my heart appears quite broken.” The lady in the Grey Silk Pelisse hoped not; but the lady in Crimson Velvet smiled to hear this declaration from a soldier, yet the words were uttered in a tremulous tone, scarcely to be understood. It was very dark at this part of the town; the little light that was

in the atmosphere, the clouds, charged with wet, had nearly overcome. The lady in Crimson checked the shock she was about to receive by the introduction of a solitary tallow candle, and to accommodate some new arrangement in the apartment, she was obliged to sit nearly opposite the patient; there was nothing remarkable in the portrait, it was merely consumption personified; a long thin face, with sunken cheeks, and large eyes of black; these had not even yet lost all their brilliancy, but the pillow covered nearly one side of his face, and the night-cap the other. "I shall soon die," said the sick person, "they have all but you left me, and the physician has allowed me to partake of any thing I choose; a sure sign that all the efforts of medicine have vanished. I believe it is not unusual for the dying to wish to give vent to any burden which may prey upon the mind, and as to you I am indebted for every comfort which I now enjoy, perhaps you will have the patience to hear my last confession.—Poor injured Louisa, it is thy untimely fate which now only lies heavy at my heart; but you are revenged;—may God forgive me as thou didst before that thou joinedst thy native skies!"

The lady in Crimson began to gape; the one in Grey moved the invalid's pillow to a more comfortable place, while her friend began to amuse herself by emptying the contents of her ridicule into her lap, and played a thousand antics with her vinegaret.

"I was the only son," said the sick man, "of a farmer in Norfolk; I should say an agriculturist; for the former term, I believe, is nearly exploded. I rather liked a rural life, for I enjoyed all its pleasures, and none of its cares, which indeed are but few; I was not particularly dissipated, and I had then never seen London;—would to God I had ever continued ignorant of such a place, and that I had ever held its follies in the contempt I once did! Who are so susceptible of love as the idle? I could not always hunt, shoot, or fish, and I experienced the tender passion for

the daughter of a gentleman who came to reside amongst us, in order to retrieve a fortune nearly lost by fashionable expences. We loved with fervency, or rather that term is applicable to her only, had I as properly returned it;—but my tale must be short.—A few years since I was obliged to visit on business for my father this great city. Our parents were unconscious of our attachment; Louisa wept on my neck secretly as my departure drew near, and I promised to be constant to her for ever, to call down every curse upon my heart, if ever I forsook her; and ridiculed those temptations which I had to encounter in theory, and which I was totally ignorant of with regard to practice. The first week I resided here, the noise, the dirt, and the want of a proper person to introduce me into the gay world, all tended to make me disgusted, dispirited, and dejected. I longed for the convivial chimney corner, the quiet *tête-a-tête*, and my letters to Louisa betrayed my anxiety to return to love and her; not but I secretly envied the ease of London men of fashion; but as I found I could enter into no competition with them, my pride was hurt, and I longed for the peasant's bow, the parson's assent, the sportman's roar of laughter, in short for consequence and the country. My father's concerns being nearly concluded, I wrote to Louisa that on such a day I should be at Thorp, and I anticipated with joy the pleasure her presence would give me;—but my ill fate ordered it otherwise. As I was one day sitting over my solitary pint of wine, pondering on my return to the country; a young man, with the most insinuating air, begged to be allowed to sit in my box, for the coffee-room was crowded; I readily assented; we drank freely; he was young, and so was I; at length I ventured to congratulate him on his great flow of spirits, telling him, at the same time, that I conceived he must be the happiest of men. 'Indeed, my good sir,' said he, 'your observation is not correct; these spirits, which you say you envy so much, are all forced, for I am at present the most

miserable of men;—I am in love with a charming creature whom I can never marry, but who doats on me to distraction;’ saying this he pulled out the miniature of a female, or rather an angel, for so I thought, although in love with another; he even told me her name, her residence, and situation; this I thought tolerably free for a first introduction; and, with regard to my own affairs, I was not so communicative.”

This long preamble became too much for the lady in Crimson; she arose to snuff the candle, which long had wanted her assistance; but she was awkward with broken iron snuffers, and the light was extinguished. The attendant was sent over the way for a light, and they remained in twilight. The lady in Grey gave the invalid something to wet his lips, and he proceeded:—

“We became so well acquainted, that at length I was introduced to the lady; oh! how well do I recollect the full blaze of her charms; and from that moment, although unconsciously, did the image of Louisa vanish from my heart. In their exterior indeed, as well as otherwise, they were widely different; Louisa’s figure was rather that of pensiveness; misfortune and thought had not spoiled her temper, she was contented, not joyous; she was what a painter might have chosen for an animated Ruth;—but the lady I was now introduced to was a perfect Euphrosyne; good humour for ever abode in her fine countenance, her eyes were lit by passion, and everlasting smiles played round her mouth, but her heart was black as hell. Flattered, foolishly flattered, by the notice of so fine a woman, I became intoxicated with joy; I wrote but seldom to Louisa; but her letters plainly told me, if I would have attended to them, that her heart was breaking; till at length this town Syren, which had lured me from contentment, gave me to know that I wanted not her consent to be made happy.—What a chaos burst upon me!

(To be concluded in our next.)

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 94.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

So my remark about Socrates is not to the purpose;
well! well!

“Love reasons without reason.”

But you say, as I have suggested it to you, you will follow
the Athenian philosopher's plan; and propose, as a sure
method of *weeding* this passion from my heart, *absence*.
Absence! why

“She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.”

My God! what I! voluntarily quit *her* who has now for
months been the very spring of my existence! Why, when
I retire from her for the night only, I feel “not comforted
to live, but that there is this jewel in the world that I may
see again.” No, no! worthy physician, thy regimen is
much too nauseous; you write with the coolness of a logi-
cian, and, pursuing your subject through all its ramifica-
tions, ask me “to what purpose I remain at the parson-
age;” then taking upon yourself the part of question and
answer both, wisely reply—to make myself miserable, and
to banish peace for ever from the breast of her whom I

pretend to love with such devotion;" that's sharp, Charles ; use no caustics, good physician. But I must speak with more seriousness of the next part of your letter.

" I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul."

And have you conceived my mind so light, have you found me so fickle, so changeable, as to warrant your saying—That if I for awhile left my present dangerous abode, the image of Ellen would be effaced from my breast ; and that its place might be supplied by another ; who being without the barrier that separates me from Ellen, I might enjoy happiness in all its earthly extent?" Oh! my friend,

" Disparage not the faith thou dost not know!"

No, no, I am not fool enough "to hide me from the radiant sun, and solace i'the dungeon by a snuff!"

" When the devout religion of mine eyes
Maintains such falsehood, then turn, tears, to fire!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars."

Again, you tell me, " it is only my heated imagination, her being alone, and unaccompanied by any other accomplished females ; my idleness, and the dearth of society, that bestow upon her all these attractions, which fascinate me." This is ridiculous ; because you know her not ; you never saw her (except in my letters) ; but even if it were so, and she were not above the level of her sex ; were she even in the eyes of others beneath it ; so enchanting was the idea of a union with her, so firmly, so fondly, did my heart build all its hopes of happiness on her, that

" If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolyte,
I'd not have sold her for it."

You must think me devoid of common sense, or observation ; it was the difference, the vast difference, between

her and others, that first made me love her. Her mind, I tell you, Charles, is equal to the highest and warmest idea you can form of human excellence; and, as to the secondary consideration of person,

“Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?”

I have read over your wise letter again, with almost all the seriousness you could wish; it is filled with reason and philosophy; but I can only reply to it with Romeo:—

“Hang up philosophy;
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not.”

To the dreary vision of misery you paint, and which you formally predict will be certainties; if I still persist in remaining here; the same person shall say for me

“Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.”

And to your kind invitation to London, I must apply to Hamlet for an answer:—

“Here's metal more attractive.”

But, notwithstanding all this assumed vivacity, Charles, I am not happy; can I be so? Impossible! I see the bloom steal from the face of Ellen; I see often “the tears on the cheek of youth;” and my bursting heart is obliged to be restrained from speech, even when it would fly to console, and render happy, her in whom its every wish is centered, at the expence of its last vital drop.

Frederic scarcely heeds the depression of her spirits, or the decline of her health. How despicable is that joy which, in its own satisfaction, overlooks the happiness of others! He is frequently absent, and when at home, treats her with almost as much familiarity as if she were already his wife.

“ More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo ; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips.”

Since that blessed evening, which stands apart in my mind from the rest of time, as an epoch, as a period, from whence to date love's minutes, she has more carefully avoided being alone with me than ever. How will this end, Charles? I know not !

“ The heavens must work.”

Farewell !

HENRY M——.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

AM I then become ridiculous to my friend ? You say you can but laugh, when you read my letters, and exclaim

“ This is the very extacy of love !”

And that these letters are nothing but quotations, drawn from the lips of some of the maddest votaries of Cupid ; you tell me, I am like a love-sick miss, for, instead of using every method (as a man should do) to drive this silly passion (my God ! silly passion !) from my breast, I nourish its growth, by the perusal of those works, which, by enervating the mind, render it unfit for struggle.

“ He jests at scars that never felt a wound.”

You are not capable of reasoning on this subject, Charles ; you are not acquainted with it ; can a man reason on what he knows nothing about with one who has fathomed it to the bottom ? No, no ; ere long, I shall hear of your being

“ Stabb'd with a white wench's black eye.”

Cupid, like death, is a leveller, and will reduce my philosophical, learned friend, Charles, to the same scale as myself. Blackstone, Coke upon Littleton, &c. &c. will then become dusty and useless on your shelves; and

“Then wilt thou learn to carol of love.”

Trust me all minds will think those notes the sweetest which correspond with their own tone.

Hush! I hear Ellen's harp:—she is sitting alone in the garden, in that harbour where she has so often sung and played to me; the surrounding branches half conceal her form; her notes are “mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.” Twilight is coming on;—I *must* join her; it is long since she has sung, or played, to me alone.

Quitting my writing desk, I went into the garden, and walked towards Ellen, who still continued playing; her theme was sad; she heard me approach, and started at perceiving whom it was: she appeared to wish to retire, but I was so near her she could not; she therefore, with an evident struggle, assumed a smile, and her finger danced over the strings of the harp, which before produced “low, sullen sounds,” as if guided by mirth itself. “Come, my friend,” she exclaimed, “my spirits are heightened by this fine evening; you have caught them at a happy moment; here's the duet Frederic learnt me; you shall take his part.” We formerly were accustomed to use the words of an elegant author frequently in our conversation;—it kept the memory alive; and, with one of these impulses, I often repent, I replied,

“I cannot sing; I'll weep, and woe it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.”

I saw her colour change—“Sorrow,” she rejoined, with

an affected gaiety. "I said nothing of sorrow,—I asked you to take Frederic's part; his music, like his mind, is seldom sorrowful; the duet breathes nothing but gladness and mirth." "Alas! then," said I, "it would ill suit me; for when the chords of a heart are tuned only to melancholy, and the tongue attempts sounds of merriment, discord ensues indeed!" "The night air is cold, and the dew falls;" she faltered as she arose. "And yet," said I, "we have sat here later, Ellen, when the air has been colder, and the dew heavier, heedless of either; but those days are gone, 'like a star that shoots athwart the desert when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam;' and I never now meet my friend, save by chance, and then she hurries from me, as if my wretchedness were contagious; but," I continued, attempting a smile, (attempt indeed!) "*n'emporte*, this form, possessed by the fiend of misery, will not much longer haunt your rosy bowers, nor darken your happy paths; 'the time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves.'" The tears started from her eyes—"Why, Why, Sir Henry," she said, "will you indulge such dismal thoughts? We hope you will long enliven, and grace our little society." "Why! Why!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand, and speaking in the manner, and tone of a maniac, "Why do I indulge these gloomy thoughts? Oh! enchantress as thou art, thou hast no charm to lull memory to oblivion's sleep; thou canst not make me forget how happy I once thought myself, nor how wretched I really am now. Oh! Ellen! Ellen! could I gaze upon that face, that form,—could I contemplate thy virtues with that pure adoration,—that fearless hope, fraught bliss, I once did; then, then, would melancholy thought be far from me indeed." She was softened even to the same degree as on *that* night when first I was assured she loved me. She had arisen to depart, but sank on the seat; my arm surrounded her; I—I! God of heaven! I can scarcely write it! I pressed my lips to hers—the very recollectio-

agitates me past endurance; language cannot produce a word to express! tongue cannot utter what I felt!!!—Ellen was the first to rise from her seat.—“My uncle! my dear uncle! Frederic! my affianced husband! what, oh! God, what am I doing?” she wildly cried, and darted from my arms, spite of my endeavours, and entreaties, towards the house.—My heart was torn by contending emotions—love! acknowledged love! and despair reigned by turns; I flew from the grounds, heedless whither;—I knew scarcely where I wandered, till, deserted by the moon, and chilled by the night air, I returned to the Parsonage, and stole to my room unobserved as the clock struck twelve.—I have told you my happiness and my woes.—I am almost blind with writing.

Adieu,

HENRY M——.

(To be continued.)

Memorandum relative to Burns the Poet.

“IF my son should be a man of feeling, taste, and sentiment,” says the poet Burns, “I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is now running about my desk, will be a man of melting, ardent, glowing, heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering about in a sweet evening to inhale the balmy gale, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad in all nature, and through nature up to nature’s god!”—BURN’S LETTERS.

Our author’s son was a year or two since in Christ’s Hospital; but I was not sufficiently acquainted with him to know whether he answered the above description; he was certainly a blooming animated looking youth, but

was deficient in one material particular, having had the misfortune to lose an eye; and, what is very remarkable, there was at the same time in the school another boy, named Burns (no relation) who had also lost an eye by the *small-pox* (if I may judge by the enormous size of the marks that still deface him); on which one of the boys wrote the following lines, which you will probably insert in your magazine, not for the sake of the poetry, but merely to record the circumstance.—

“Quoth this Burns to that, ‘if you’ll part with your eye,
We *both* the gainer shall be;
For I, having two eyes, you cannot deny,
Should with *two eyes* be able to see;

While you, having none in your head, beauteous boy,
Would then be a god much reputed.’

‘What I?’ said the youth, his *eye* sparkling with joy,
‘Yes! with those *wings** you then would be Cupid.”

21, Grove-place, Camden-Town.

W. S.

* It is here necessary to explain that the boys of this school have an epaulet on each shoulder, which they have always called wings;—they have a song that runs thus—

“Little Neddy† thought we should fly as we grew older,
So he clapt us a wing on each shoulder.”

† Xt’s Hospital, founded by Edward VI.

COWPER AND THE BEGGAR.

A poor man, says the poet, Cowper, begged at the hall lately; the cook gave him some vermicelli soup, he ladled it about some time with a spoon, and then returned it to her, saying—“I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry; but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it.”

HINTS FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

BY JOHN SREBMAHC, ESQ.

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

WHEN you choose a husband, be sure you do it in direct opposition to your parents' wish; it will shew you are capable of choosing for yourself, and that you are above vulgar prejudices; let every opposition on their part only stimulate your exertion to gain the man of your choice; you will then have a fine opportunity of telling the world how cruelly you are used; that fathers have flinty hearts; and, by reading novels of the new school, you will find many a heroine to keep you in countenance. Should your parents, however, wearied by your continued complaints, at length give their consent, you may give up your lover, as their compliance with your wishes will prevent a journey to Gretna-Green, without which no matrimonial scheme can commence with *eclat*.

In selecting a partner for life, be sure you fix not on a steady moral character, or an every-day man, but choose some dashing *fellow* of spirit; a little volatility will ensure you happiness; if he coquets under your nose with your waiting woman, this can make no difference; such low wretches are beneath your notice; should you be fortunate enough to gain a man who has seduced his friend's wife, and afterwards killed her husband in a duel, you will be an enviable woman; as you will then have a certain proof both of his gallantry and his courage.

Should any officious old maid, or antiquated dowager, hint to you any inconvenience you might suffer in such a

match, you may laugh at them most heroinely, talk of youthful foibles—"That it is left to you to convert him; and that if women will be fools they must take the consequence. If this will not satisfy them, the wise adage that—"reformed rakes make the best husbands," must certainly silence every scruple.

While you are *cooing*, you may be as agreeable as possible; but pray alter your conduct after matrimony; you must then sing when he speaks to you, and dance when he wants you to accompany him in a duet.

If, by some *sad mistake*, you should marry a man of merit, laugh him out of countenance; you may call him hypocrite; and, if he be at all religious, say you hate a methodist; this will no doubt often bring on much *edifying* conversation; in the course of which, if you have no religion yourself, you may thank God that your opinions are more liberal than his are.

If your *deary* is fond of reading, tell him he had much better take care of his family than lay out his money in musty books; if he has a taste for the arts, tell him he is always *fooling* away his fortune in pictures; if he is fond of country sports, say you hate your mere country squires; and if he drinks ever so moderately, say that you can't bear a drunken beast; but this last expression must only be uttered when you are quite alone. Like every thing he dislikes, and condemn every thing he praises; contradict him before company, and rail at his awkwardness at table, if he be unused to company; conjure your friends to pity you, and you certainly will gain their commiseration at his expence.

Should you not be blest with children, this may prove an everlasting source of amusement to you; if you have a family, you may complain continually of the fatigue you endure from the meanness of Mr. so and so's establishment. Never appear delighted with any present he may purchase for you; this would make you seem like a child delighted with a rattle; except you want to gain some favourite point,

then you may say you like it, but some other colour, or some different shape would have been delightful; after you have had it a few days, throw it aside; should it, however, continue to be talked of; then you may say it was a specimen of Mr. Thompson's *delightful* taste. If you be so fortunate to marry a man of property; try all you can to be as extravagant as possible; talk of paltry cash; has he gained it by virtuous industry? say you hate a citizen, and that while his ancestors were selling tapes and needles, your ancestors were throwing away millions. If, on the contrary, the riches are on your side the match, keep him as short in cash as possible; and if he has not the happiness to be able to get money himself, always accompany your benevolence with these words—that it is very hard to be obliged to support a man in his idleness.

Be sure you drive all his relations from your house by your cool behaviour; they are at best but impertinent; they might thwart you; but, by all means, let them know you can do without them. By observing these hints, I have no doubt you may make your husband and self very happy; or at least very much like many married people.

THE REBUKE DELICATE.

AT a grand dinner lately given to some emigrants of high rank, among whom was the Archbishop of Narbonne, the conversation had taken rather too free a turn after dinner upon the subject of gallantry; the nice and quick discernment of the distinguished gentleman who gave the entertainment, perceiving some embarrassment in the countenance of his reverend guest, relieved him presently with his usual elegance and adroitness:—"Brother," said he, to an illustrious admiral, "*vous comptez un peu trop sur la surdité de Monsieur L'Archevêque.*"

THE
POETICAL DEPOT.

NO. II.

A MAN of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with Literature, once said before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a Wig than write a Poem; adding,—“What is the use of Poetry, and what end does it answer?” “This very circumstance,” replied Boileau, “raises my admiration of Poetry; that, having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation.”

THEANO'S SOLILOQUY.

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION.

— AND is she gone—
And is my Myra fled, for ever lost,
For ever to these aching eyes? no more
To charm my soul with sympathetic love,
To make my days with jocund pace to fly,
And run each quick return to love and joy?
Yes, she is fled; in vain my eye-balls start;
In vain, my madd'ning brain, thy burning throb;
In vain my sighs would call her willing back;
Fate draws the curtain, and the charm is flown.
Oh Myra! dearer to my heart by far
Than mother's darling child, or father's hope,

When wilt thou more be present to my sight,
Or I to gaze upon thy many charms?

Thus sigh'd Theano, as he pac'd along ;
His scowling eye-brow, and his looks were wild ;
His visage, pale and wan, bespoke his grief ;
His hurried air betrays some dreadful thought ;—
His feet, with lengthen'd pace, bent the moist ground,
While to the breeze he join'd his broken sighs ;
Beat his sad breast, accus'd e'en Hope herself,
And dar'd the Gods to drive him to the dust.
Full well I knew, once knew that plaintive voice ;
That air, now menacing ; that care-worn cheek,
His hollow eye, his fi'ry dreadful glance,
As varying passions rack'd his troubled heart ;
The which no tear assuag'd, no welcome dew
To quench the flame that tore his inmost soul.

Again he vents his grief,—“ Why this landscape ?
You mock me too ! Thou sun, why dart thy rays ?
All nature smiles to laughing fields around ;
But not for me you smile, save but to mock my grief,
And tell me I cannot be more wretched than I am.
Myra is fled. Ah ! what avails to me
The nodding grove, or dale, of richest hue ;
The pansied field,—high hill,—or bossom'd cot ?
The greenest hue, or Autumn's yellow leaves,
The winding stream, or many whiten'd sails ?
My charmer's gone, and all is fled with her.
Rather, ye winds, blow from your foremost points ;
Rather, ye rains, fall down with gushings vast ;
Rather, ye clouds, float on in volumes black,
And hide th' ethereal blue that mocks my care.
Ah ! what avails to me the brighten'd dawn ;
The lark's sweet voice, that sung the coming day ?
Oh ! what for me to lay my lengthen'd form,
Listless, the burning noon, and hear the beetle's hum,
Or cricket's grateful chirp, with silent joy ?
To watch the waving shrub, or painted bell ;

To lead my soul from nature to her God?
All then was heaven;—while my goddess, thou,
Leant on this breast in silence, and ador'd.—
Forget'st thou, Myra, when the setting sun,
Full orb'd, was sinking in the trackless waste,
Pour'd all his glory o'er the distant plains;
Threw o'er the horizon its burnish'd gold,
Till strokes of Tyrian dye melted in darkest night.
Heavens, what magic ran throughout my veins!
What gratitude to God, who's ever good!
What have I done to bear this sad reverse?
Why are his thunders levell'd at my head,
While, e'er my thoughts with Myra, dwelt with him?
Have I then lov'd a meretricious fair?
Was it our wish to bask in pleasure's round,
Forgetting thee for worldly joys? Ah! no;
Thou art my witness; as I pray'd, I felt;
To me thy house had more than usual charms,
When Myra's pray'rs with mine were sent to thee.

Thus ends Theano; when the humid grass
Receiv'd his weary and desponding length.
Methought, with joy, I saw a trickling tear
Cooling his frenzied eye,—“I thank thee, God,
For this,” he cried; then with his mantle
Hid his face from day.

I knew his Myra well;
The little laughing loves dwelt in her eye;
Her lips were purest coral, and on her cheek
The rose had made imprintment; while her mind
Was as a fair written tablet; her heart,
Like a kindly spring, o'erflow'd for others' grief;
Nor niggardly of feeling shar'd their joy;
Her mind, her tongue, was candour's instrument,
And her whole soul was of such perfect make
That neither muse nor man could praise too much;
Exchange of little joys and tender pains,
They shar'd alike; then did arise esteem;

Nor long their bosoms felt with this serene ;
For love, the wily urchin, marr'd their peace.
Why, boy, didst thy unerring cruel dart
Again distress Theano's breast ? again thy torch
Lit up a warmer flame at Reason's shrine,
And told him truly how to choose his love.
Why then strew thorns across their happy way,
To rend his heart, and ruin all his peace ?
Why choak affection with a parent's frown ?—
Oh ! spare, then spare, as yet their new-born joys ;
Nor mar with slanders false his only hope.—
But Theano rises.—

WERTER.

CLERICAL COURAGE.

WHEN the devastation in Litchfield Cathedral took place, by order of the Rump parliament, and the great bell, called Jesus Bell, was knocked to pieces by a pewterer named Nicklin, Doctor John Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Litchfield, rendered himself remarkable by his courage and resolution. When a serjeant, with a trooper, were sent to stop the performance of the daily service, and, putting a pistol to his head, threatened to shoot him instantly if he did not desist ; this noble prelate calmly, but resolutely, replied—"Soldier, I am doing my duty, do you do your's," a sentence which may justly be reckoned among the remarkable instances of the sublime, and which so impressed the minds of the soldiers that they left him to the free exercise of the duty he thus evinced himself so worthy to perform.

Thoughts on Sensibility contrasted with Indifference.

It has ever been a matter of considerable doubt whether sensibility, as it affects the human heart, should not rather be deprecated as the promoter of its pangs, than cherished as the contributor to its delights; and whether indifference or insensibility, as rendering us less feelingly alive to the sorrows of our existence, though equally insensible, at the same time, to its more refined enjoyments, be not more justly the object of our preference in this state of trial and vicissitude.

That there are many possessed of that apathy of mind, that dull monotony of character, that brute insensibility of heart, who wander, with indefatigable diligence, amid the intricate mazes of business, and wither every finer feeling of the soul in sordid calculations of interest, none will be found to deny; whose bosoms never glowed with the ardour of friendship, nor thrilled with the ecstasies of love; but who are maddened with the thirst of lucre, or goaded by the spur of restless ambition; whose every thought and action display the indubitable characteristics of a base, a contracted, and degenerate, soul.

Are such, however, the features by whose rugged outline we distinguish the offspring of sensibility? A heart tremblingly alive to every gentler feeling; melting at every accent of distress, abundantly susceptible of all the sympathies of friendship; all the ardour of love; all the tender charities of our nature? are such the precious attributes of this divine temper of the soul? If thy pangs are keen and thy sorrows severe, what tongue, oh! sensibility, can give utterance to the full measure of thy joys?

Thine eyes, it is true, are often clouded with tears, but how frequently are they the overflowings of unutterable delight! how richly art thou compensated for every rankling thorn, by each thrilling rapture, each elevation of

sentiment, that makes known to the soul the pleasures of its existence.

A mind, actuated by chill insensibility, cold and uninteresting as it is, must ever be at enmity with every social virtue. Can we repose the confidence of friendship, or the ebullitions of tenderness, in the bosom of repulsive apathy? Is not the being whose sordid views extend not beyond the gratification of his own selfish desires, who is bound by no other ties than those of avarice or interest, who banishes from his heart the purest passions of his nature, justly the object of our alienation and contempt?—let us leave him to the indulgence of his blind prejudices, to the exercise of his ignoble self-sufficiency; his success unrejoiced at; his misfortunes unpitied; his death unlamented, by the sympathy of his fellow mortals!

A mind, on the other hand, glowing with sensibility, attaches to itself the affection and love of all within the sphere of its attractive influence. Those ties which form the sweetest charm of society, which enliven the gloom, and shed a brightening ray over the sunshine of our existence, are there cherished and encouraged. The noblest sentiments of the soul do there flourish and expand, like the choicest flowers of the parterre, beneath a smiling heaven.

Insensibility, moreover, is the savage offspring of solitary arrogance, hardening the heart, and blasting the fairest promise of human felicity. Sensibility is that ingenuous elegance of soul, which, though unkindness may wound, and ingratitude tear, is susceptible of rapturous emotions and refined delights, far above the reach of sordid apathy to feel, or even to conceive; in a word, the former debases us to the nature of brutes, the latter exalts us to the condition of angels.

ALPHONSO.

15th July, 1812.

*From Tristram Tattle, in London, to his Cousin
Dolly, in the Country.*

LETTER I.

London, July 30th, 1812.

You tell me, dear Dolly, that you want to hear all about London; and that I must write to you every month; but to you, who have never seen this wonderful place, how can I convey an idea of its Babelonian incongruities, or inform you more than does Bell's Weekly Messenger, which the parson sends you every Sunday afternoon; besides, how much will you pay me a sheet for the time I am losing in scribbling to you? Will your admiration, think you, pay for the pork griskins that now dangle at my fire? or the dumplings that are now in mutiny, striving to kick off my pot-lid. Don't you also know that I have promised the first part of my dictionary to Dick Sheriff next year; and consider at what a loss the philological world will be without it: but I see you bridle up your maidenly chin, and lift up your virgin eyes, at my ingratitude; I had forgotten the chickens you sent me; they were excellent; and the king's picture, or rather its substitute, came most opportunely; but this time of the year is one of the worst for adventure, as every one who can buy a place in a Margate hoy, I beg their pardon, *pacquet*, are now gone to the ocean; but poor Tristram must remain in his sun-scorched garret, without seeing one particle of green tree, save in the tin-pot of orange-mint; which stands out of his window. By the whiskers of your black cat, I swear, I work harder than any post-horse. You ask me what newspaper you shall take in; in reality I cannot tell; I write for none, or else I opine mine would

be the most *impartial*. When you hear a churchwarden talk of pity, a woman of constancy, or a lawyer of honesty, then, Dolly, why you may have some idea of the independence of a newspaper. If you want to know what ministry ought to do, or what they do not do, read the Morning Chronicle. If you wish to hear them do right, if you wish to find them pictured as the saviours of their country, read the Morning Post; the best way, I believe, is to do as I do, read them all. Don't be alarmed—Skim! Dolly, skim! For Sunday papers, I believe, the parson's may be as good as any. Though Mr. ego Examiner will tell you, he is the only person who is not of a party; and then the arts, Dolly, the arts! you know you are a dabster at them! Oh, such delightful criticism he gives you of *Clairo* obscure and *Chiario* obscuro; and *keeping*, and *Dominicheno* and Gerard Audran, and cross hatchings, and stippling—Oh! he's a most delightful man certainly for the *arts*; but then he has fallen out with one Mr. Register; but Mr. Examiner should recollect that he has never been in the habit of trundling down in his barouche to his *ferme ornée* to turtle and to venison; certainly a man who has only been used to bread and cheese will make a better patriot than one fed on venison and claret. Mr. Register has cried *peccavi*, and Mr. Examiner is very angry at a man's hankering after elegant desires. Would you read critiques on our theatres, you will find in one paper that Elliston is a divinity, and Kemble a mere stroller; and when you have made up your mind to believe it, Lord love your silly soul! whiff! take up another paper, presto, change, move, and be gone!—"We wonder that in this character, in which that wonderful man, Kemble, whose deep enunciation horrifies madness, &c. that Elliston, who, worse than Quin's comparison of Garrick's Othello to the black boy, Pompey, who brings in your tea-kettle, should have the temerity to perform that character after the acting of such a genius;" but "list! oh! list!" the fact is,

Dolly, that neither of the editors have seen the play they dare to criticise.—Hear then me,

“ I am the true Punchinello ;”

I went the other evening to a new farce ; I was luxuriating in my side box, which, at the Haymarket, only costs you five shillings, that is, if Mr. Boxkeeper don't swindle you out of another for your introduction ; here I sat to hear the most common-place and egregious folly ever uttered : one of the performers had a *bad* cold, and two of the *gemmen* knew nothing of their parts, and the curtain dropt amidst the cry of—Off! Off! and groans and hisses. Mrs. Grundy too said it was very low, and for once Mrs. Grundy was right.—“ We *gets* more refined now, Mr. Tristram,” said she, “ for all these here jokes mout do *very vell* when I *wor* a child ; but my girls, Mr. Tristram, knows more of these here things at twelve years of age than I did at twenty ;” however, they have proceeded to cram this farce down the throats of the public with the advertising and daily lie of “ its being acted to brilliant and applauding audiences.” There, Dolly ; here's a letter for you. Adieu ! the *devil* is waiting with a proof sheet of my Lexicon, and I must remain

Your dutiful cousin,

TRISTRAM TATTLE.

(To be continued occasionally.)

THE TOAST.

A mayor of N***** being in company with Lord Sandwich, at the finish of the evening, his lordship taking up a glass, said—“ *Here bon repos ;*” the next day, soon after dinner, at his own house, the mayor being called on for a toast, said he would give them one which had been given by no less a man than Lord Sandwich—“ *Here's bon repos, my boys.*”

O L I O.

NO. VI.

“ A thing of shreds and patches.”

OF Mrs. Macauley, of whom so much has been said, and whom Mrs. Wollstonecroft, and others, have so highly eulogized, Wilkes in his letters relates, that she rouged herself to the highest possible degree, and that she frequently interrupted his conversation by exclaiming “ Lord Jesus Christ! Wilkes, you know I am so fond of partridges!” yet this lady was the author of Letters on Education. I wish these women of reputed high talents would be a little more decent in their outward behaviour. It was Doctor Wilson, the rector, who placed her statue* in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, before she died, as the Goddess of Liberty; when she married Graham, the Doctor veered about, and ordered the statuary to break it to pieces!!

* See her Portrait and Life in Museum for March, 1812.

A farmer, dining at the table of his landlord, where, for the first time in his life, he saw and ate of soles fried and covered with the sauce, appeared at first to partake of the dish with avidity; when, to the astonishment of his landlord, he perceived him in no small confusion; and, as if hoping he was not seen, throw the back-bone under the table, upon an elegant carpet; but the lady of the house regarded the deed, and could not resist asking him the reason, while she regarded her spoilt carpet with sorrow.—“ Why, madam,” said the rustic, “ I ask your pardon, this dish is very good, but your cook has left a nasty comb in the *pudding part*.”

The Ladies of Vienna rise late ; as soon as their eyes are open, they call for chocolate, and send to their husbands to enquire whom they have invited to dinner ; if they dislike the company, they give notice to some of their female acquaintance that they intend to dine with them ; in the contrary case, they send invitations themselves to such as they please ; having taken their chocolate, they dress and go to mass, for those who are least devout must hear at least one mass a day ; during the ceremony they read five or six prayers, kiss all the pictures of saints at the head of these prayers, and tell their beads, with great devotion ; after the mass they commonly remain a quarter of an hour in the church, conversing with such friends as they may chance to meet there ; after which they pay or receive visits ; during these visits, they discuss all the news of the court and city, and are at the same time engaged in threading gold in an elegant japanned box which they hold upon their lap ; after dinner they drink coffee and play at quinze till evening, when they go to court ; on leaving the court they go to assemblies, where they divert themselves at piquet, or quadrille ; when they return home from the assemblies, they undress themselves before they go to supper, and then retire to bed, well pleased with the indolence in which they have passed the day.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE blue cover of one of the periodical publications advertises for the following combination of talents :—
“Wanted, a person who understands the different branches of *husbandry* and *dairy* (a partner), who can lodge in the business the sum of *three* or *five hundred pounds*, a strictly religious character—if a *Calvinist*, most agreeable. If he has *abilities* for a *preacher*, the better.”

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 106.)

BACCHIUS, 'Senior, one of the seven Greek writers on music, collected and published, with a Latin translation, and notes by Meibomius, in 1652, is supposed to have flourished about the time of Ptolemy, that is, in the second century. His Introduction to the Art of Music is in dialogue, in the course of which all the terms, used in the ancient Greek, are defined and explained in Greek characters of notation.

BACH SEBASTIAN.—The illustrious family of Bach has produced more great musicians than any other single family in Germany, or perhaps in Europe; as, previous to the great eminence to which Sebastian had arrived, early in the last century, his family, according to Waltham, had distinguished itself in the profession of music, particularly in organ playing, for four generations. Innumerable are the stories still circulating in Germany of Sebastian Bach's conflicts and triumphs over great competitors, till at length, like a courser often victorious, his form was so high as to discourage all competition. He was as superior to all organ players on the continent as Handel was in England; the performances and compositions of these two great musicians not only surpassed those of all their cotemporaries, but established a style of playing, and writing for the organ, which is still respected and imitated by the greatest organists in Germany; where men of superior abilities have always abounded, and been celebrated, not only for treating of

the manuals, but the pedals of that noble instrument. Sebastian Bach is said, by Marpurg, in his *Art de la Fugue*, to have been "many great musicians in one, profound in science, fertile in fancy, and in taste easy and natural;" he should rather have said original and refined; for, to the epithets easy and natural, many are unwilling to assent; as this truly great man seems, by his works for the organ, to have been constantly in search of what was new and difficult, without the least attention to nature and facility.

Old Kirkman, the harpsichord maker, used to relate the extraordinary curiosity excited at Salzburgh when Handel and Sebastian Bach happened to meet in that city:—on their going together to the cathedral, they found it so full that they could scarcely get to the organ loft, and when one of them opened the organ, it was not possible for more persons to crowd into the church; but so great was the fame of these performers, that those who could not gain admission into the interior of the building procured ladders, and placed them at the window, in order to gratify their ears with all the passages which the full organ could convey to them through all impediments. Of *Sebastian Bach*, who was successively cantor, organist, and music director, at Leipsig, all the musical writers of Germany, for these last thirty years, have borne testimony to the abilities; Quantz, in his *Art of playing the Flute*, written during the life of Bach, says, that this admirable musician had brought organ playing to the highest degree of perfection. The challenge which he received, and accepted, from the celebrated French organist, Marchand, at Dresden, is well known in Germany: upon the arrival of Marchand, in that city, after he had vanquished all the organists of France and Italy, he offered to play *extempore* with any German whom the King of Poland could prevail upon to enter the lists against him: no one at Dresden had the courage to encounter so successful a champion; but an express being sent to Sebastian Bach, who

was at that time a young man, and residing at Weimar, he came away immediately; and, like another David, vanquished this Goliath. It must not, however, be concluded from this defeat that Marchand was a mean performer; if that had been the case, the victory over him would have added nothing to the fame of his competitor: it was an honour to Pompey that he was conquered by Cæsar; and to Marchand to be only vanquished by Bach. This was the Bach whom the learned editor of the Latin Thesaurus, John Matthias Gessner, has celebrated in his notes on Quinctillian, i. xii. p. 61. where the ancient citharædists are extolled for the use they made of their feet, as well as their hands (perhaps merely to beat time) in their performance. The critic, addressing himself to the shade of Quinctillian, exclaims,—“You would think but slightly, my dear Fabius, of all those exertions of the citharædists, if you could re-visit the world, and attend the exhibitions of Bach, one of my colleagues in the university of Leipzig, who, when at the great organ, while every finger of both hands is engaged at the manuals, his feet are running over the pedals, with a skill and velocity which several of your citharædists, with five hundred tibi-cenists, could not emulate; nor is his dexterity inferior in directing a band of thirty or forty performers, all employed at once; correcting the time of one by his nod, of another by his foot, and of a third by holding up a threatening finger; giving the right note to one from the top of his voice, to another from the bottom, and to a third from the middle of it: if you could have seen him amidst the very powerful sounds with which he was surrounded, performing a very difficult part himself, yet marking whence proceeded the slightest discordance, and aiding those that erred. Favourer as I am of antiquity, the exertions of our Bach appear to me to effect what not many Orpheuses, nor twenty Arions, could achieve.” Sebastian Bach died at Leipzig, in 1754.

BACH CHARLES PHILLIP EMANUEL, son of Sebastian, resided many years at Berlin, in the service of Frederick II. King of Prussia; he was afterwards music director at Hamburgh, and long regarded as the greatest composer and performer on keyed instruments of his time; he was certainly the founder of the present style of composition for the piano forte, as his father and Handel had been for that of the organ. It was observed by Abel,—that if Sebastian Bach and his admirable son, Emanuel, instead of being music-directors in commercial cities, had been fortunately employed to compose for the stage and public of great capitals, such as Naples, Paris, or London, and for performers of the first class, they would doubtless have simplified their style more to the level of their judges; the one would have sacrificed all unmeaning art and contrivance, and the other have been less fantastical and *recherché*; and both, by writing in a style more popular and generally intelligible and pleasing, would have extended their fame, and been indisputably the greatest musicians of the eighteenth century. Emanuel Bach, in his life, written at the request of Doctor Burnly, by himself, has some excellent reflections on his own style, which he formed and polished by hearing the greatest performers, vocal and instrumental, of his youth, who visited his father, or were employed at the theatre at Berlin. “When the critics,” says he, “are supposed to judge impartially, which seldom happens, they are frequently too severe on works that come under their lash, from not knowing the circumstances that gave them birth, or remembering the author’s original intention; but how seldom are critics found to possess feeling, science, probity, and courage, qualities without which no one should set up for a sovereign judge. It is a melancholy truth, that musical criticism, which ought to be useful to the art, is, in Germany, a trade commonly carried on by dry, malignant, and stupid, writers.” He then declares, that of all his works those for the clavichord, or piano forte, are

the chief in which he has indulged in his own ideas and feelings; his principal wish has been to play and compose in the most vocal manner possible, notwithstanding the great defect of all keyed instruments, except the organ, in not sustaining their tone; but to make a harpsichord or piano forte sing is not easily accomplished, as the ear must not be tired by too thin a harmony, nor stunned by too full an accompaniment. In his opinion, music ought to touch the heart; and he never found that this could be effected by *running, rattling, drumming*, or arpeggios. If Haydn ever looked up to any great master as a model, it seems to have been C. P. Em. Bach; the bold modulation, rests, pauses, and semitones, and unexpected flights, of Haydn remind us frequently of Bach's early works more than of any other composer; but, in writing for violins, he has surpassed his model in facility and invention; freaks, whim, and even buffoonery, appear natural to Haydn; which, in the works of his imitators, seem downright caprice and affectation. Em. Bach used to be censured for his extraneous modulation, crudities, and difficulties; but, like the hard words of Doctor Johnson, to which the public by degrees became reconciled, every German composer takes the same liberties now as Bach, and every English writer uses Johnson's language with impunity. Em. Bach died at Hamburgh, 1788, at near eighty years of age.

(To be continued.)

The celebrated Dr. Beattie's Opinion of Mrs. Siddons.

Edinburgh, May 28th, 1784.

"NOTHING is here spoken of but Mrs. Siddons. I have seen this wonderful person, not only on the stage, but in private company, for I passed two days with her at the Earl of Buchan's; her powers in tragedy are above com-

parison great: I thought my old friend Garrick fell little or nothing short of theatrical perfection; and I have seen him in his prime, and in his highest characters; but Garrick never affected me half so much as Mrs. Siddons has done; indeed the heart that she cannot subdue must be made of other materials than flesh and blood. In the *Caledonian Mercury* you will see, from time to time, some critical observations on her acting which are very well written; the encomiums are high, but I assure you they are not above her merit; James, too, has seen her, and is transported; he never till now, he says, knew what acting was. It was very difficult to procure places; but, by the kind attentions of the Dutchess of Gordon, and Lord and Lady Buchan, I was nobly accommodated, and in the very best seats in the house. In private company, Mrs. Siddons is a modest, unassuming, sensible woman, of the gentlest and most elegant manners.

Her moral character is not only unblemished, but exemplary. She is above the middle size; and, I suppose, about thirty-four years of age; her countenance is the most interesting that can be; and, excepting the Dutchess of Gordon's, the most beautiful I have ever seen; her eyes and eyebrows are of the deepest black. She loves music, and is fond of the Scotch tunes; many of which I played to her on the violoncello; one of them (She rose and let me in, which, you know, is a favorite of mine,) made the tears start from her eyes.—“Go on,” said she to me, “and you will soon have your revenge,” meaning that I would draw as many tears from her, as she had drawn from me; she sung Queen Mary's complaint to admiration, and I had the honor to accompany her on the bass.

* * * * *

Sir Joshua's picture of Mrs. Siddons is one of the greatest efforts of the pencil; he agrees with me, that she resembles Garrick in her countenance. Old Mr. Sheridan,

who piques himself not a little in being instrumental in bringing forward that incomparable actress, assured me the other day that in every comic character, from Lady Townly to Nell, the cobbler's wife, she is *as great and as original as in tragedy.*

I asked Tom Davies, (the author of Garrick's Life) whether he could account for Garrick's neglect, or rather discouragement, of her; he imputed it to jealousy.—“How is it possible,” said I “that Garrick could be jealous of a woman?” “He would have been jealous of a child,” answered he, “if that child had been a favorite of the public; to my certain knowledge he would.”—*Vide Letters to Miss Valentine and Sir William Forbes.*

FEMALE PUGILISM.

Copy of an Advertisement in a Diurnal Print in June, 1722.

CHALLENGE:—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER. — I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate-market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her no favour: she may expect a good thumping.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE, &c.

THE LOYALISTS, an Historical Novel, by MRS. WEST, in 3 volumes. Published by Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row, 1812.

NEVER did we rise from reading a book whose merit was of a higher nature than the work before us: Mrs. West has even outdone herself; and it is one of those few productions whose strong common sense makes it a literary ornament to the country that produced it. The lady has painted the suffering of the loyalists in the reign of Cromwell in an affecting and interesting manner; while even those in direct opposition to her in sentiments are treated with a degree of liberality highly praiseworthy. Mrs. West must have been indefatigable in her polemical readings; her female characters are such as should be Britain's boast. It is true she has introduced love in her production; but she has made it the stimulus to virtue, not the grave of exertion. The perusal of such works as these will tend to revive that idea which was once gloried in by our ancestors, who, good silly souls, fancied that they were eulogizing merit in a superlative degree, by saying of such a family that

All the daughters were chaste, and all the sons were loyal.

We would favour our readers with some extracts from this work, but so fine a whole will not bear mutilation; in our humble opinion, we think it at least equal, if not superior, to *Coelibs*, of deserved celebrity; it certainly combines more interest, and the characters are not too sublime for imitation.

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS, *by the author of Curiosities of Literature, two volumes, 16s. Murray, Fleet-Street, 1812.*

To those who are fond of going behind the curtain of literature, these volumes will be an interesting detail. Mr. D'Israeli has been happy in the choice of his materials, and manner of working them. It is a sad truth that literary men have been punished by the ignorant with all the scorn of criminality; but it is also a lamentable truth that many have courted misery from their want of principle. We extract the Life of Eliza Ryves as a specimen of the work before us.

“Of all the sorrows in which the female character may participate, there are few more affecting than that of an authoress often insulated and unprotected in society, with all the sensibilities of the sex to encounter miseries which break the spirits of men, and the inconveniences arising from that delicacy which trembles when it quits its retirement. My acquaintance with an unfortunate lady, of the name of Eliza Ryves, was casual and interrupted; yet I witnessed the bitterness of ‘hope deferred,’ which maketh the heart sick; she sunk by the slow wastings of grief into a grave which probably does not record the name of its martyr of literature. She was descended from a family of distinction in Ireland; but, as she expressed it, she had been deprived of her birthright by the chicanery of law. In her former hours of tranquillity, she had published some elegant odes, had written a tragedy, and comedies, all which remained in manuscript; in her distress she looked up to her pen as a source of existence; and an elegant genius, and a woman of polished manners, commenced the life of a female trader in literature. Conceive the repulses of a modest and delicate woman in her attempts of appreciating the value of a manuscript with its purchaser; she has frequently returned from the booksellers to her dreadful solitude to hasten to her bed in all the bodily pains of misery;

she has sought in uneasy slumbers a temporary forgetfulness of griefs which were to recur on the morrow. Elegant literature is always of doubtful acceptance with the public, and Eliza Ryves came at length to try the most masculine exertions of the pen; she wrote for one newspaper much political matter; but the proprietor was too great a politician for the writer of politics, for he only praised the labours he never paid; much poetry for another, in which, being one of the correspondents of Della Crusca, in payment of her verses, she got nothing but verses; the most astonishing exertion for a female pen, was the entire composition of the historical and political portion of the Annual Register. So little profitable were all these laborious and original efforts, that every day did not bring its daily bread; yet, even in her poverty, her native benevolence could make her generous; for she has deprived herself of her meal to provide an unhappy family with one who lodged above her.

“Advised to adopt the mode of translation, and being ignorant of the French language, she retired to an obscure lodging at Islington; which she never quitted till she had produced a good version of Rousseau's Social Compact, Raynal's Letter to the National Assembly, and finally translated De la Croix's Review of the Constitutions of the principal States of Europe, in two large volumes, with intelligent notes; all these works, so much at variance with her taste, left her with her health much broken, and a mind which may be said to have nearly survived the body; yet, even at a moment so unfavourable, her ardent spirit engaged in a translation of Froissart. At the British Museum, I have seen her conning over the voluminous manuscripts of old chroniclers; here she found it was necessary to understand old French, and then write in old English; during these profitless labours, hope seemed to be whispering in her lonely study; her comedies had been in possession of the managers of the theatres during several years; they had too much merit to

be rejected, perhaps too little to be acted: year passed over year, and the last repeated the still treacherous promise of its brother. The mysterious arts of procrastination are by no one so well systemized as by the theatrical manager, nor its secret sorrows so well felt as by the dramatist. One of her comedies, the Debt of Honour, had been warmly approved at both theatres, where probably a copy of it may still be found. To the honour of one of the managers, he presented her with one hundred pounds on his acceptance of it; could she avoid then flattering herself with an annual harvest; but even this generous gift, which involved in it such golden promises, could not for ten years preserve its delusion.—‘I feel,’ said Eliza Ryves, ‘the necessity of some powerful patronage to bring my comedies forward to the world with *eclat*, and secure them an admiration; which, should it even be deserved, is seldom bestowed, unless some leading judge of literary merit gives the sanction of his applause; and then the world will chime in with his opinion, without taking the trouble to inform themselves whether it be founded in justice or partiality.’ She never suspected that her comedies were not comic; and thus an author dies in a delusion of self-flattery. The character of Eliza Ryves was rather tender and melancholy, than brilliant and gay; and, like the bruised perfume, breathing sweetness when broken into pieces; she traced her sorrows in a work of fancy, when her feelings were at least as active as her imagination; it is a small volume, entitled the Hermit of Snowdown; she makes her heroine seek in her distress the profit of literary labours, and she perishes in want. Such was Eliza Ryves, not beautiful, nor interesting in her person; but with a mind of fortitude, susceptible of all the delicacy of feminine softness, and virtuous amidst her despair; she presented me, a short time before her death, with the following Stanzas; the verse is elegant and musical, but the circumstance is much more interesting than the verse:—

"A new fallen lamb had fair Emmeline past,
In pity she turn'd to behold
How it shiver'd, and shrunk from the merciless blast;
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.
She rais'd it; and, touch'd by the innocent fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and died on her breast.
The moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid,
Then mus'd,—so it fares with the delicate mind
To the tempests of fortune betray'd.
Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
And denied the relief which would save;
'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave."

REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

You are embarked on a wide and perilous ocean; I am yet wandering upon the shore, trembling as I think of that hour when I must launch, like you, into the boundless expanse. What a varied scene does human life present! Some, toiling on through surrounding obstacles, vainly struggle to ascend the slippery mount, where they behold, with anxious and longing eyes, the distant bowers of competence and ease; some, falling headlong from the giddy height where they grasped at wealth and honours, frighten and dismay the passing traveller as he views them prostrate in destruction; some, elate with joy and success, stand upon the lofty pinnacle, and from the towering summit look with disdain upon the crowds below them. It is one vast scene of bustle, strife, and confusion! The groans of despair, the sighs of disappointment, the songs of hope, the shouts of joy, float upon every breeze. A few years, and it is all over; one by one the mighty multitude follow each other to the grave, and the generations "chace one another down"

like the waves of the sea. Among the busy, motley group, there is one man to be pitied indeed,—it is he *who feels he was not made for the world!* whose noble spirit disdains the grovelling drudgeries, and spurns at the little mean-nesses, of life; whose heart, fraught with exalted sentiments, throbs responsive to every virtue, and sighs for the pleasures of retirement, for the sweet endearments of domestic happiness, for the calm delights of social friendship;—whose breast, alive to every good, every generous and dignified impulse, glows with a keen relish for the sublime beauties of nature, and a love for all that is great and amiable;—who pants to inhabit the soft shades of tranquil leisure, there to bend, with enamoured rapture, over the charms of elegant literature, and in the pursuit of the wisest, best, and loveliest, objects of the mind, seek the improvement of his soul, and the enjoyment of unsullied pleasures. It is he, who *thus feeling*, is thrown upon the wide wilderness of the world, among the vicious, the mean, the selfish, and the vulgar, to toil through the lingering years of life in the hurry, the fatigues, the disappointments, and drudgeries, of business; who is obliged, for common support and common comfort, to mingle in scenes where he wanders with disgust and apathy, and to associate and unite with those whom his heart shuns and despises. Torn by the cruel hand of unlucky fortune and imperious necessity from those congenial pursuits which alone could afford him solace and pleasure, he roams like a friendless stranger in the world, and through the short, but tedious, span of his existence; wretchedness only is his portion. Though he mixes with the crowded throng who worship interest as their leading star; though his energies may seem exerted, and his daily attention assiduously sacrificed to attainments like their's; he feels no joy in their joy; and his widowed soul is like the wandering dove of Noah that found no rest to her feet, no shelter to her wing.—Look into his bosom,—

There nature mourns, and round his heart is strew'd

A frozen waste, a dreary solitude!

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Saturday, 15th of August, was produced at this theatre a new play, in three acts, called *Look at Home*, written by Mr. Eyre; the story, as far as we can gather, runs thus:—the Countess Julia, in order to restore the fallen dignities of her family, marries the Count Salarno, a brutal tyrant; who, conceiving she may still feel a partiality for a young and rejected lover, becomes a victim to jealousy; in the prosecution of revenge, for a supposed insult to his honour, he is stimulated by a courtesan, his favourite; and, in the end, we are informed he strangles his children, conceiving them to be partly illegitimate, and upon this part of the story, said to be from Zeluco, turns the tragic part of the piece; the Count, however, is foiled in the prosecution of his brutality, and the piece ends according to poetical justice; the comic part is supported by a Scotch tourist, a sporting jockey, and a French officer, (*Matthews*), of the Legion of Honour; he, as usual, excited our risible faculties; *Terry*, of the school of *Kemble*, played the revengeful Neapolitan in good style; nor must we forget the courtesan of *Mrs. Williams*, an actress of no mean abilities. There are some things in this piece, particularly the interview between her and the tourist, which are not quite compatible with the feelings of delicacy; but we suppose we must forgive it,—the ladies did not appear shocked, then why should we? The piece was given out the fourth night really without a dissenting voice.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—ENGLISH OPERA.

So great a dearth seems to prevail of dramatic genius, that the managers of this theatre have been obliged to resort to the expedient of cutting up and altering old plays, instead of procuring novelty; last week the *Brothers*, a comedy, by Cumberland, was fitted to an opera; we have

not, neither do we intend seeing it. *Macbeth*, we presume, will be garbled in the same way; and no doubt the audience will be soon delighted in hearing the wife of the Thane of Cawdor singing Cruel Barbara Allen: this opera is called the *Privateers*. A new pantomime has also been brought out at this theatre, called *Jack and Jill*.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

It is with regret we are obliged to inform our fair readers that the waist is returning to shortness, approaching to deformity; we are no candidates for the shape

“Small by degrees, and delicately less;”

But we hate extremes of all sorts; alas! it is the property of fashion to administer to folly as well as elegance; the gowns are also made very full behind, and short at the skirts; this latter regulation is favorable to the well-turned ancle; small tucks at the bottom of the gown have been introduced; tab fringe and the fringed back still keep prevalent; but the basket, a poor substitute for the elegant ridicule, is evidently declining in popularity.

Morning Dress,—of plain white muslin, a spencer of primrose, yellow, or green, satin, with boots to match, and cottage bonnet of straw, lined with the same colour as the spencer and boots.

Evening Dress,—of pink or rose coloured satin, ornamented down the center of the body and arms with diamond-shaped satin let into the dress, and trimmed round the edge with lace, ornaments of dead gold; gloves and shoes of white.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY
BY ROGERS.

BLEST are thy tuneful strains, their soft controul
With more than seraph sweetness seems to flow ;
They speak, they breathe, a harmony of soul,
By care unclouded, unalloy'd by woe.

How envi'd is thy lot, how few can feel
The calm thy fairy pencil here pourtrays !
Or, led by pensive memory, gladly steal
Back to the rosy hours of former days !

A weary trav'ler through this vale of tears,
O'er sorrow's dull cold waste forlorn *I* tread ;
Where no lov'd visions of departed years,
With ray divine, their cheerful halos shed.

The airy dreams of friendship, love, and truth,
Imagination once so warmly drew,
That oft were wont to flush the cheek of youth,
For me no more their faded charms renew.

Yet tho', while gazing on life's prospects dear,
The deep-drawn sighs of disappointment start ;
Thine, sweetest minstrel, is the power to cheer
With many a soothing lay the mourner's heart.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

LET those, whose ardent bosoms glow
 With noble zeal to merit fame,
 The summit of their wishes know,
 And gain a never fading name;
 Unenvying I their praise could hear,
 Nor wish such splendid lot my own,
 Possess'd of all to me that's dear—
My wife, my children, and my home.

'Tis mine in humbler sphere to move,
 Unheeded by the great,—the gay,
 Domestic, calm, delights to prove,
 Far from ambition's hated sway.
 I never bask'd in fortune's glare;
 My breast from rankling care is free;
 Content my humble lot I'll bear,
 And happiness now dwells with me.

For what is splendor, wealth, or pow'r?
 Can they substantial joys impart?
 Can they beguile one single hour
 Of pain, when sickness rends the heart?
 Ah! never!—Virtue's soothing voice
 Alone can soften fate's decree;
 Can bid the anguish'd breast rejoice,
 And smile through pain and misery.

Pentonville.

J. T.

TO ELIZA K. H. PERFECT,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Come, dear little maid, I'll remember the day
 Of thy birth by invoking the muse's best lay;
 And hail, with delight and affection sincere,
 The hour when my darling completes her first year.

Receive, dearest child, from thy fond parent's heart
The blessing his muse can but faintly impart ;
May the arm of omnipotence be thy sure stay,
Thy shield and support through the world's stormy way.

May the angel of innocence watch o'er thy youth,
To guide thee to virtue, to wisdom, and truth ;
May religion's pure radiance illumine thy mind,
Her precepts will teach thee contentment to find.

Be these thy delight when thy reason expands,
'Tis all that thy parents' entreaty demands ;
Their hearts to the throne of omniscience they'll raise,
And the power supreme with all gratitude praise.

T. H. PERFECT.

STANZAS.

And is the throb of love no more ?
Are all its joys, its pleasures o'er ;
Each flushing hope, each timid fear ?
And is my false one flown from me ?
And left his Ann to misery !
To sorrow's sigh, to terror's tear ?

And why, my Edward, hast thou flown,
To break a heart so much thine own ;
A heart that pain to thee ne'er gave ?
With grief-form'd pangs of woe replete,
Ah ! soon 'twill cease its anguish'd beat,
And I shall slumber in the grave !

Thus mourn'd the maid in mis'ry's tone,
But mercy ended soon her moan ;
The lily stole the rose's bloom ;
Forgiveness fraught her last faint sigh
When death approach'd, in terrors, nigh ;
For Ann now lies within the tomb !

J. M. L.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A MORNING STORM, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1809.

Lo! the dark clouds, dispersing fast,
Proclaim the tempest's raging past;
Creation smiling sees once more
Peace the departed calm restore;
Views the rough elements oppress'd,
To yield destructive war for rest.
With gentle breath, from yonder trees,
Zephyrus fans the healthful breeze;
And echo's voice, serenely clear,
Responsive vibrates on my ear;
Elate with glee, the lab'ring hind
Resumes the wonted task assign'd,
And joyous hails the calm serene,
That gives new lustre to the scene;
The shepherd pipes his dulcet flute;
And warbling birds, that late were mute,
Pour forth, from yonder bloomy sprays,
A note of thankfulness and praise
To see the smiling god of day
Returning beam a cheering ray;
For Phæbus now diffusive beams
His heav'n-constructed light in streams,
Producing, in the drops of rain,
Refraction's richly tinted stain,
Forming beneath the azure skies
A beauteous bow, of various dyes.
Iris! in earlier days mine eyes
On thee, transfix'd with rapt surprize,
Have gaz'd, till my transported views
Lost the last fragment of thy hues;
Till feeling that celestial glow
Which inspiration's pow'rs bestow

On those whom virtue's gifts impart
Whate'er can charm the sensual heart ;
Then, oh ! my soul, be this thy care,
To raise to heav'n the fervent pray'r ;
Assur'd that He who rules the storm,
When whirlwinds sweep fair nature's form,
Will still be my providing friend,
And guardian to life's journey's end ;
Will still protect me from all harm,
Safe t' enjoy life's peaceful calm.

Whitfield-Street.

REUBEN.

DETRACTION.

FIEND of the earth, Detraction ! scourge of man !
That, like the wintry blast, dost steal along,
With'ring the flowers thy envy cannot love,
Because they flourish nobler than thyself,
And sweeter, fairer, far ;—much hast thou done,
With venom'd tooth, to blight the honest fame
That virtue rear'd to soothe her little day,
And gild with sunny beam the stormy clouds
Of life's dull gloom.—So, couch'd in weeds and grass,
The wary serpent, as the trav'ler roams,
Pleas'd thro' the verdant meadow, silent creeps
With pois'nous fang, and stings the guiltless foot
That reck'd not harm, unconscious but of good.
Yet less abhorr'd the serpent of the field
Than thou, the viler serpent of mankind !
Oh ! I have felt the mildew of thy breath
Fall on the simple laurels fancy wove
In sportive wreaths upon my humble brow,
And smiling hope had fondly cherish'd there,
Dreamless of thee ; have felt thee struggle long
To pluck their blossoms down, and oft they shook
When slept the eye of innocence, nor ken'd
The danger near ; but fresher shall they bloom,

And lovelier from thy grasp ; the watchful pow'r,
Whose guardian wing protects the hallow'd couch
Where virtue slumbers, and whose better eye
Hath never clos'd in heaviness, shall mock
The impious vengeance of thy baneful arm,
And laugh thee to derision !—Oh ! how mean,
How base, and sunk how low, the guilty wretch
Who feels the rapture of another's mind
A thorn within his own ! whose jealous ear
Burns with malicious pang, whose envious look
Scowls with insidious guile when candid truth
Would paint the lustre of another's worth !
Whose barren heart, cold as the desert rock,
Glow's with no gen'rous impulse, nor responds
With heaving pulse to nature's softer thrills !
But all untaught, unfashion'd to excell,
Stabs at each fairer merit ; and, with tongue
Of busy scandal, ev'ry purer charm,
Each brighter feature of another's soul,
Deforms to rugged aspect, trampling down,
As in the dust, the virtues and the grace
It cannot equal, imitate, nor share.
How much beneath our anger, and how well
Befitting rather for our proudest scorn,
Or gentle pity, monster vile as this,
And dark with sin ! yet such there are, nor few !
Oh ! I could spurn them as the dregs of earth,
And loathe them as the toad that soils my path ;
For sure on earth crawls hideous reptile none
So foul as he who cannot tune his lips
To utter sounds of praise ; whose narrow soul
The beauteous honours fairer than its own
Would blot detesting, and malignant crush,
Never to flourish more—the envious wretch,
Who, like the midnight wolf, with evil eye,
And murd'rous fang, prowls thro' the haunts of men,
And on the ruins of another's fame
Erects his guilty peace and only joy ;
That only joy which only sland'ers feel.—

FIDELIS.

An Effusion, Regretful, Filial, and Valedictory,

WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO LEAVING THE SCENES OF
MY NATIVITY, IN FEBRUARY, 1804.

Yon leafless shrub, sweet Flora's care,
Was deck'd with blossoms, richly fair ;
Beneath its shade the swains respir'd,
Inhal'd its sweets, its hues admir'd ;
But when its prosp'rous moments flew,
Alas ! it charm'd no more the view.
Now summer's short-liv'd reign is o'er
They anxious seek its scite no more.
Thus 'tis with me ; thus friends depart
Far from my native banks of Dart.

Some scourg'd by fate far distant roam,
Some sleep in death within the tomb,
Whose manly worth my soul holds dear,
As mem'ry seeks them with a tear ;
Yet many live who claim the name,
But own at best a spurious flame ;
For now my care-fraght cot they shun,
Nor hail me at the setting sun ;
Nor seek to cheer my woe-worn heart,
That once was blest with thee, sweet Dart.

O'er ev'ry charm that prompts the sigh
Reflection throws her languid eye ;
And as she peers to far flown joys,
A host of jarring passions rise,
Which swell the copious tide of woe,
And bid her soothing torrents flow ;
But e'en her trembling, humid tears
Relume each scene the mind reverts,
And makes the task severe to part
From thee, my muse-inspiring Dart.

The die is cast ; the fates decree
 My devious steps to bend from thee ;
 Then fare ye well, each rural joy,
 Each youthful scene, each kindred tie.
 Whate'er propels, where'er I roam,
 Idea's wings shall waft me home ;
 Tho' here my stars have beam'd unkind,
 Each love-crown'd wish shall lag behind ;
 The warmest throb that thrills my heart
 Shall flow for you, sweet banks of Dart.

A. KYNE

 NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor is fearful he must reject Henry and Amelia ; it is very carelessly written, much time must be employed to revise it.—We should be obliged to J. L. M. for some prose as well as poetical communication, we have seen his capabilities this way.—Stanzas by A. addressed to ***** are reserved for the Depot of next month : we are glad that our pages under this head have met with the approbation of Melmoth, Agatha, and Wm. Taylor ; the latter's request is complied with.—A Correspondent will see this month that he has not been quite neglected.—Why does the author of Stanzas assume the signature of N. T. and J. M. B. ?—Henry's Lines lie at our publisher's for him.—We were inclined to insert the communication of R. G. but find it too incorrect.—Timothy Puzzlecap is too long for an early insertion.—J. M. B. Elmwood House, &c. &c. are under consideration.—Desultory Thoughts, Effusions by *+*, S. A. William Parsons, Odes, Elegies, &c. &c. are inadmissible.—We hope to hear again from Z. his production in our next ; we think them beyond price.—The Editor cannot refrain expressing his pleasure at seeing the contribution of many old friends with even new faces.—Marcus has not sent the solution to his Charade.





Engraved by James Hayswood.

from a source Drawing.

MAGDALEN DE PASSE.

Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Lewis & Co. St. Paul's, Oct. 1841.